McGurk's letter.

Girls dear, did you hear,
I wrote my love a letter,
And although he cannot read,
Sure I thought it was all the letter.
For why should he be puzzled,
And hard to spell in the matter?
When the meaning was so plain
That I love him faithfully.

I wrote it and I filled it,
And I put a seal upon it.
It was a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best friend.
For I would not have the Restrainer
Make his remarks upon it.
As I said inside the letter,
That I love him faithfully.
My heart was full, but when I write
I dare not put the word in.
The neighbours know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffing;
So I dare not write his name outside,
For fear they would be laughing.
So I write 'from little大厅 to the woman
She loves faithfully.'

Now girls, would you believe it
That Valentine is coustard?
His answer will be swing me
So long as I care taint
But may be — there might be one.
In the reason that I stated
That my love can neither read nor write
But he loves me faithfully,
He loves me faithfully — he loves me faithfully.
And I know when it's mine love is, that he is true to me.
To my Kathleen! You're going to leave me—
all alone by myself in this place!
I'm sure that you'll never leave me,
with me! If there's truth in that fair!

The England's a beautiful country,
full of elegant boys, voh! What then?
I wouldn't forget your poor Greece,
You'll come back to old Ireland again—

Well, they English lieaways by nature.
No way to find the true nature.
They'll say you're a great chameleon nature.

But don't you believe them, my dear!

Who flatter in speeches they'll make.
Just tell them, a poor try in Ireland
to breakin' the heart, for your sake!
It's a folly to keep me from going.

The fault! It's a nightly hard case.

For Nathaniel! I am there, there's no known

Mean next I may see your sweet face,

And when you come talk to me Nathaniel

How the letter shall I be off then.

I'll be speaking with beautiful English

Sure I wont know my Nathaniel again;

Oh, now! Where's the need of this hurry!

Don't plague me to be this way!

I've forgot 'tis not the grief & the hurry

very wond I has manin' to say!

How just wait a minute Sid je.

Can I talk—if in latter me to?

Och! Nathaniel my blessing! Go and je—

I'm my mind of the way that je go.